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MR. ODGER AT ALTRINCHAM.

THE inhabitants of Manchester and the vicinity appear to be losing all taste for "sensations." On several recent occasions, when we have expected to see crowds of our fellow-citizens flocking to hear a Voysey or a Shaker, we have been disappointed, and instead of beholding at the Oxford Road Station, on Saturday afternoon last, hundreds of eager sight-seers drawn thither by the prospect of obtaining a glimpse of the distinguished shoemaker who has announced his intention of speedily demolishing that venerable structure, the British Constitution, we found ourselves pacing an almost deserted platform. We had some difficulty even in ascertaining where Hale Moss was; the nearest approach we could get to information was a deferential assent by a railway porter to our suggestion that Altrincham would probably be the most convenient station. So we purchased a ticket for Altrincham, and eventually, after a little inquiry, discovered the moss. It was occupied only by a company of tender youths playing cricket and a couple of donkeys quietly grazing.

After a tour round the common, during which we discovered that the upper, or Hale end, was intersected by greenish streams, and that the lower, or Altrincham end, was used principally as a location for old boots, broken pottery, and other refuse, we beheld some men dragging a lurry, which they presently deposited in the centre of a level space encircled by slightly rising ground. Drawing near, we joined a little company of men and women, who by this time had seated themselves before the platform. They were busy discussing the abilities of various public speakers—of a class. Bradlaugh was considered to be very fine, but his language was too "'igh;" indeed, quite too high to be followed. The favourite seemed to be a Dr. Sexton, whose language was also said to be very "'igh," but then it appeared that the gentleman always quoted "such beautiful poetry," which of course was not "'igh." Having refreshed our "'igher" nature by listening to this conversation for awhile, and there being yet no signs of the lecturer's approach, we wended our way to the Unicorn Inn, that we might refresh our other capacities. Here we beheld, seated at a table, a company of conspirators mysteriously whispering. Presently they rose and left the room. Shortly afterwards we followed, and at a street corner beheld the same company again, still mysteriously whispering. Care sat upon their anxious faces, and in the furrows of their wrinkled brows we read the query, "Shall we have a meeting?"

In the meantime, we believe, the bellman had been shouting through the startled streets of Altrincham, and when we regained the moss the audience was considerably increased. After waiting another ten minutes the band of politicians we had seen at the street corner put in an appearance and mounted the lurry. We do not think there were more than three hundred people present, and Mr. Odger's face bore a look of ineffable disgust. The front seats, or what should have been the front seats, were occupied by a crowd of boys with dirty hands and faces; behind these were a number of people of a semi-rural class; the outer rim consisted of individuals who smoked and bantered, and presently received the designation of the "upper ten." Words fail us when we attempt to describe the ludicrously burlesque appearance of the people on the platform. We have sat with committees of working-men, and we know few more interesting sights than that of a company of men representing the intelligence of skilled or manual labourers; but a more comical collection of budding politicians clad in cloth of various patterns, a more amusing show of faces expressive of dazed imaginations and bewildered stupidity than that we saw on Saturday last we have never beheld. To liken it to a public-house harmonic society, when in the second stage of inebriation, is to compliment Mr. Odger's companions. In the centre of this odd company that gentleman stood, his hands thrust half-way into his trousers pockets. He is a little man, with a sharp face, hungry eyes, and dogged mouth.

While Mr. Odger stood, like a Cato, his eyes looking into vacancy and his lips set like Oliver Cromwell's, the president delivered his opening address. He was a tall and slender youth, whose soul was evidently much larger than his mouth, and he wore his hat while speaking set in a jaunty fashion on one side of his head. Looking very fierce, he ejaculated the word "Citizens!" and paused, as if to watch the effect. Then, repeating the word, he favoured us for five minutes with a running commentary upon English history from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. Sometimes his words were too small for his ideas, and at these times he gave a spasmodic poke with his hand. Then he made a jocular reference to the fact that no chair had been provided for him, and waiting an instant that the audience might laugh, a privilege of which they did not avail themselves, he suddenly collapsed and desired the hero of the evening to come to the front.

The subject of the lecture was announced as Monarchism and Republicanism. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Odger is honest. We do not mean with regard to matters of business; for aught that we know he may be a pattern bootmaker, and an excellent husband and father. But it is difficult to realize that a man, possessing even the amount of education and ability which Mr. Odger displayed, should be ignorant of the utterly unfair, warped, and injudicious nature of the observations which made up his "lecture." Willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, we could only acquit him on the supposition that he is a man who, possessing a certain clearness of head, and ability to talk, has pushed himself to the front of a clique of illiterate politicians and would-be reformers, and, made vain by a lucky notoriety, has forgotten the desire of self-improvement, which may have been his first idea, confined his reading to such writings as appeared to support his peculiar views, and culled his facts from the leaders of sensational newspapers; in a few words, that he is a man who, with an average amount of intellect, has too soon imagined that his education is complete. But whatever may be the real character of Mr. Odger's aims and sentiments, we can only say that even as a Republican we should have been completely ashamed of the address to which we listened last Saturday. It was very different, for instance, from such a lecture as the late Mr. Ernest Jones would have delivered on the same or a similar subject. From Mr. Ernest Jones we should at least have had the grasp of a scholar, the reading of a man of letters, the reasoning of a logician, the eloquence of an orator, and the manners of a gentleman. But in Mr. Odger's display we missed all these desiderata. Instead of them we had feeble attempts at wit, and that the lowest of all wit—punning; coarse references to the reigning family, containing inuendos quite devoid of proof, and beside the mark; much scolding of the Altrincham authorities, because they had declined to grant the use of their hall to Mr. Odger and his companions; a senseless railing at all political parties but that which the speaker represented; an attack upon the game-laws; an expression of opinion in favour of the aristocracy of merit; a good deal of talk about Switzerland, and very little, if any, about France, America, and Mexico. Monarchism was charged with all the evils in Britain, pauperism included, and Republicanism was credited with all the good that is in the world or ever shall be. It was an address calculated, it is true, to please the taste of a company of people made glad by anything uttered to the disadvantage of their superiors in social position, a company which knew no better than to accept whatever was said to it, being for the most part quite ignorant how much of the truth was uttered; but it was also calculated to disgust any thinking and studious man, labourer or not, who desired the good of the community and the most stable form of government, rather than his own selfish and imagined aggrandizement, or the elevation of an ambitious demagogue.

The lecture was far from being an exposition of either Monarchism or Republicanism. A few remarks were made about one or two of the essential characteristics of legitimate monarchy, and we were asked, for instance, whether we could logically expect from the hereditary system certain results, such as the inheriting of genius and the like, which we do not think that Royalists have ever been in the habit of expecting from it. But the *raison d'etre* of British monarchy was never once alluded to; the British Constitution, as sketched by Macaulay and

Hallam, was completely ignored. It was, we presume, for the same reason that the inherent faults of Republicanism were also neglected. Some idea of Mr. Odger's fairness may be formed when we say that the most telling part of the address was a long quotation from Canon Kingsley's "Rough Rhyme about a Rough Matter"—a song against the game laws. The Canon was spoken of in such a manner that, on inquiring amongst the men around us, we found that many were leaving the ground with the impression that Kingsley was a Republican of the deepest dye; quite overlooking the fact that it is possible for one to continue to be bitter against the game laws and yet to be a friend of law and order and monarchy into the bargain. Some notion of the gross ignorance displayed by those on the platform may be gathered from the fact that the president alluded to "the city" of Altrincham. Shortly after the beginning of the lecture one-half the audience ran away to watch a neighbouring fight, and left Mr. Odger talking. When the lecture was over a vote of thanks was proposed and carried, only a few hands being elevated in token of dissent by the "upper ten." These the lecturer conveniently reckoned as four, and observed "coming events cast their shadows by four," which may serve as a specimen of Mr. Odger's wit. The last, and not the least amusing, episode of an amusing gathering, was the singing of the national anthem by a small but gallant band of royalists, whose stalwart voices rose above the yells of the surrounding crowd.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA AT BUXTON.

A RAINY day in Buxton naturally throws you back upon yourself for amusement. No doubt your good-natured friends would say that you could not be thrown back upon a more unpleasant person; therefore let us justify their opinion and be a cynic to the extent of a column in the *Sphinx*.

The English people are not such Galen worshippers as the Germans, and do not go through the amount of Fetish adoration of Brunnen and Quelle which their brethren in Deutschland affect. With the latter that slavish knuckling down to the usages of a watering place has in it something of a superstition, but it is after all innocent enough, and as it can hurt no one but themselves, our criticisms need not go beyond the easy boundaries of gentle chaff. The terrorism—anecdotes with which they attempt to keep you faithful to the traditions of the Brunnen—such as how an Englander drank of the water, without prior consultation with the Herr Doctor Brille, gave two groans and then expired—how Fraulein Engelflügel's teeth turned blue because she ate walnut pickle whilst undergoing the cure—have great influence upon minds which use has rendered only too ready for their reception, and invest the visit to the watering place with an almost solemn import. You may thus behold the German Michel at his favourite watering place in the early morning, very negligé as to costume and with his night's beard stubbly and grizzly, trotting about with preoccupied visage, and with a weight upon his mind which language fails to depict. From six o'clock to seven he is to all intents and purposes a solitary man. If any one addresses him he replies in a low tone and with extreme brevity, as if a long sentence would bring down the enemy upon him. Upon his countenance there is a cut-it-short-can't-you expression indicative of an anxiety which will not allow him to take any liberties. You cannot make out upon these occasions whether he is waiting for the post or for a boy whom he has sent on an errand, and whenever he turns a corner in safety there is a Gott-sei-dankiness about him that the sudden turn has not shattered his system to pieces. Undue levity would be his ruin, and a sneeze would be the precursor of destruction, just as we are told that a haughty spirit precedes a fall. For the rest we must refer you to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* or the *Hamburger Börsenblatt*, one or both of which influential journals are almost indispensable upon these occasions.

Now, at Buxton, there is nothing of this kind. There are the medical idols, one or two of them, before whom prostration is said to be necessary, but the brave Britisher does not always believe and tremble; he rather incontinently plunges into the natural bath, and gobbles down a glass of tasteless water, under the idea that these processes must bring him right in the end. There is a superstition here, of course, just as there is in Germany; but it is remarkable that the commoner sort of folk, who cannot afford nerves and physicians, drink the water all day long, and take as many baths as they can afford to pay for, and that this irreverent dealing with the Wassergeist leaves them pretty much as they were—if not better, certainly no worse.

It may be doubted whether you could anywhere meet with so large a collection of the pure British lion as you do at a good hotel—the St. Adela's, for instance—in the months of August and September at Buxton. We refer to the older British lions, who, in addition to the original ferocity of their natures, have acquired the crankiness and irritability of age, with a *soupçon* of gout or rheumatism to help them to maintain a low growl all day long, as if some one were constantly trying to deprive them of a bone. Many of these old gentlemen are persons of great wealth and irascibility, who have the means of gratifying their leonine propensities, and who are the lineal descendants of the old gentlemen in the comedies of a century ago, who were constantly saying, "Zounds, sir, I never," &c., or "Damme, Charles, I disown you, by Gad." A great deal of this apparent ferocity is only apparent, and not real. Approach them, and you find them ready to talk, and very polite and well-mannered, as it becomes the landed Britisher always to be towards those who do not own land. But in making your approaches you must behave like Van Amburgh or Macomo, and walk straight up to them. Any beating about the bush or flinch of the eyelid would inevitably do your business for you. Metaphorically, therefore, if you wish to succeed, you must clap your hand on his muzzle without a shadow of fear or hesitation. Otherwise, the British lion would metaphorically fell you with one blow of his paw, and consign you, for the moment at all events, to everlasting smash. The conversation of these lions is a good deal like that of Tennyson's northern farmer, about "propputty," but somehow it has not the metallic ring about it of our urban capitalists. It has a serener and more genuine tone altogether. They appear even to bear the tortures of the gout with a kind of equanimity, as an inheritance which has come down along with their estates, which, indeed, is very frequently the case, and they speak of themselves occasionally as though they were horses, and would require to be fired and turned out with their shoes off.

Ould Ireland contributes not a few Hibernian lions to the crowd of noble animals, and about these there is a mellow ferocity which does not make you so frightened as that of the English animal. They are mostly inclined to agree with what you say, and are rarely if ever argumentative. They have a fine, easy Atlantic roll of billowy conversation, and a music in their speech as if the Harp of Erin had given them the true rhythmical pitch. Altogether they are delightful companions, and it is difficult to believe that if they did their duty there ought to be any disaffection in the sister country. Their wives very frequently seem to be much older than they, and now and again you see a stalwart Irishman, apparently in the prime of life, gallantly handing a little old lady with light blue eyes into the dining-room, seemingly his mother, but really his wife. No doubt, a heiress sits before you, whose broad possessions have given to the stalwart St. Patrick the capacity to rollick through life. Well, let us say "Erin go bragh!" We could not and must not spare her. How best to utilize that amazing fire and spirit, that wonderful juvenescence, which is as much superior to that of the French as the emerald to the topaz—that's the question. "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea"—the home of a restless and yet a noble people, whose teachers we strive to be, but who yet may read us many useful lessons.

ON THE WELSH COAST.

2.—ABERYSTWYTH TO THE DOVEY VALLEY.

LAZILY we loitered during the hot days about the shore at Aberystwyth

> Eating the lotos day by day,
> Watching the crisping ripples on the beach
> And tender curving lines of creamy spray;

until the weather, broken by thunderstorms, had cooled down to walking temperature. Then the vagabond disposition began to assert itself. We felt an irresistible desire to go up into the mountains. Under its influence

> Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

So, after taking meteorological counsel in the bar with the captain of a yacht, and receiving from him promises of fine weather which were not fulfilled, we packed our knapsacks, said farewell to Miss Davies and worthy, garrulous, indefatigable John, our waiter and faithful attendant, and set out for the railway station, where we took tickets for Towyn.

Out from the town the line winds through a pleasant valley, and then to the sandy shore of Borth by long marshes of unreclaimed, land intersected by deep drains, and so on to the broad estuary of the Dovey. Round this we must go sixteen miles, because railway engineers could not find safe passage over the three miles of sand and river channel which separates us from the opposite side. It is a picturesque ride, however, with the outer spurs of the Plinlimmon range broken by rich valleys on the right, and, on the left, a waste of sand, and across this the grey town of Aberdovey, the Madeira of Wales, as Welshmen love to call it, piled up on the irregular shore, with a few craft lying in its harbour. Towyn is a quiet, commonplace little town, without any special attractions beyond its situation on a good sandy shore, but as we go through its streets we notice that preparations are being made for an event which is to transform it into a sort of Mecca for Welsh pilgrims. Here they are about to hold the annual Eisteddfod, or meeting of the bards, and a great pavilion is being erected for their accommodation. We Englishmen, with our hard, phlegmatic, undemonstrative nature, are apt to smile at these attempts to keep alive the fervid poetical spirit which is such a marked characteristic of the Cymry, but it is a question whether, apart from the absurdities with which they seem to be associated, there is not after all something about these gatherings which should command our respect. They certainly display the strong, fervid, imaginative nature of the Celt, and the wide-spread, national love of literature. Our waiter at Aberystwyth was looking forward eagerly to the gathering, and he, by the way, showed a knowledge of the beauties of his language which, in an Englishman of his position, it would be difficult to find. Our host, in an obscure inn of a remote mountain village, also manifested his strong interest in the event and his intention to be present. Far off, in lonely solitudes, we found appended to chapel doors, written notices of preparation for it. In connection with the latter fact, it is curious to note the mysterious sympathy between the old language and the religious spirit of the people. As the Welsh language disappears the religiousness of the people disappears also.

From Towyn we start in the direction of Tal-y-Llyn, which lies under Cader Idris, ten miles away. As we go along the road the storm clouds are gathering about the mountains and the thunder rolls through them in ominous peals. Crossing a stream we turn out to the left into a long leafy valley, with craggy barren heights on either side. Along the road are scattered a few hovels of the meanest kind, from which come out to look at us aged crones, who, to all our queries, invariably reply, "Dim Sassenach." At the door of one an old woman is sitting, singing a plaintive song in the minor key to a child beside her. The song is strangely suggestive of the deep element of sadness which runs through all the Welsh nature; as some one has said, "It is as though it had lost something precious and spent its whole time in looking for it through eyes wet with tears." Before we have got far along the valley the storm which has followed us threateningly breaks upon us, and we are under a pitiless down-pour of rain. There is nothing for it but to make a pent house of our overcoats and push on to Aberglynolwyn, a mining village three miles from Tal-y-Llyn. This reached we find cosy shelter in the chimney nook of an inn kitchen. It is a true Welsh interior, with a low rafted ceiling, a slate floor, and benches in the chimney place. After awhile we push on again in the rain up the valley, now dark with evening shadows, and in time come suddenly round a knoll upon the margin of Tal-y-Llyn, whose waters gleam out dull and grey in the fading light, with the mountains rising sheer up on either side, and the steep precipices of Cader Idris half revealed and half concealed by mist and cloud rack. Welcome is the hospitable shelter of the cheery inn, known as Tyn-y-Cornel, loved of anglers, whose boats lie moored on the lake and whose rods adorn the rack in the coffee room.

Next morning, after breakfast, we stroll back down the lake to the point where the Dysynni flows out of it, on its way to the Towyn marshes and the sea. On the left, with its graveyard on the hill-side, is a church of the style known as Early English, but in form somewhat like a barn with a bell-cot on it. We cross the wall, and come upon a gravedigger hewing a grave out of the hard rock. To his inquiry whether we should like to see the church, we respond in the affirmative. Out of the grave he gets and opens the church door, revealing a sight as strange as it is unexpected. The floor is of slate, and the roof of open timber, roughly shaped, as with an axe, unpainted, worm-eatenf and fastened with wooden pegs. Upon the beams are coffin plates, with memorial inscriptions upon them. At the west end is a gallery, once used, but now deserted. It would seem that its usual occupants were wont to take advantage of its seclusion, to indulge in unseemly amusement during service, to the annoyance of the preacher and the well-disposed among the congregation. and so, as the sexton informed us, they had put a stop to it by breaking the stairs, the fragments of which littered the church floor. Opposite the church door is a rude, square block of stone, with a wooden lid, which, when lifted, displays a broken basin, which does duty as a font. Near this is a chest of drawers, which contains the various articles used in the service, and behind it is a ladder resting against a beam. The pews are square, unpainted boxes, movable, and with wooden sticks at the corners for candles. The communion table is of the rudest and simplest kind, and behind it is a window, containing one solitary fragment of the original stained glass. The chancel has an arched ceiling, showing on a blue ground a faded ornamentation of heads and roses partly obscured by whitewash. The reading desks and pulpit, rough and worm-eaten, contain books with broken covers and loose leaves, and rude blocks of wood whereon the officiating clergyman might stand or kneel. The pulpit cushion is moth-eaten and rotting with damp. Out of the litter in the reading-desk we pick up an ancient, dust-coated, wooden pipe, used doubtless at one time to sound the key-note for the singing; but whether so used the sexton cannot inform us, though he does duty as clerk. Ignorant, also, is he of the name of the pastor of this curious church. On the right is an open space which should have been one wing of the transept. It is entered through rudely-shapen props supporting a beam. The roof has at least one rent in it, through which we can see the sky above. Within it are other square pews, and in the back ground against the wall are broken benches, with litter from the decaying ceiling.

For a quiet mountain solitude commend us to this secluded lake of Tal-y Llyn, where come students and anglers, and where, when he fled from the Manchester Grammar School, came that erratic genius, De Quincey. Here he tells us he was entertained for several days by a family of young people with affectionate and fraternal kindness. It appears this clever young runaway made himself agreeable to the young ladies of the house while the parents were away, by writing their love letters, but when the parents returned was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. Leaving our inn, we set out along the margin of the lake and go along the road which leads to Dolgelly. High up on the pass is a little tarn, and beside it three great boulders, which local tradition says are pebbles which the giant Idris found in his shoe and threw down the mountain side. A few miles and we descend upon Cross Foxes, along with a mist which has crept up from the sea and now obscures Cader Idris and every other giant peak in its grey folds. At Cross Foxes is an inn of that name where we go in for refreshment. If anyone should consider three shillings and five pence a reasonable charge for four eggs, a pint of bad beer, and some indifferent bread and cheese, served up in a cheerless and miserable room, we recommend him to stay here.

Leaving Cross Foxes, we turn our backs upon Dolgelly, and take our way to Dinas Mowddwy, which stands on a shelf of rock overlooking the Dovey. This queer, wild mountain fastness, with its ancient rights of mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, and its relics of mace, fetters, and

whipping-post, is changed since we saw it last, though the drunken miners who infest it have not. Sir Edmund Buckley, whose flag floats over his hall hard by, is fast transforming it from a collection of mud hovels into a model village. A good inn, which our worthy host—Lewis, of the Red Lion—deserves in place of his present decaying tenement, would add considerably to the attractions of the place. With good or bad accommodation, however, the valley of the Dovey is well worth seeing from Bwlch-y-Croes, or the pass of the cross at its summit, to where it debouches upon the sea by Aberdovey. As it is, few valleys in Wales are less sought out, save by the angler. Through its long miles it displays almost every variety of stream scenery, with mountain effects, from fruitful meadows "that droop or rise over green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulations," up to the high peaks, "where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the firs."

On the morrow we explore the gorge of the Dovey to Mallwyd. Later we take the train from Dinas, and pass along Sir Edmund Buckley's little line to the main one at Cemmes Road, and so home again.

WALTER MONTGOMERY.

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That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.—MACBETH.

WHEN we pray to be delivered from battle, and murder, and sudden death, we commit ourselves to the keeping of the Allwise, trusting to be exempt from a fate from which humanity recoils. Some people are in the habit of saying that, so far from fearing and shrinking from sudden death, they rather covet it. It may be so, but it is a species of cowardice, arising from fear and a desire to avoid the inevitable. The sudden death of any public character is at all times a startling and impressive event, but when we hear that a man in robust health, and pursuing his daily avocation, has suddenly, in a paroxysm, laid violent hands upon himself and taken away his own life, we are appalled, and stand aghast in horror, in trouble, and in fear. Far be it from us to insinuate for a moment that the poor fellow whose death we record was at the time responsible for the rash act. On the contrary, we sincerely believe that his mind had lost its balance, and have good reasons for saying that mental distress of no ordinary kind, but which had nothing to do with pecuniary affairs, brought about the catastrophe.

Mrs. Montgomery said in her evidence at the inquest that her husband in moments of depression had sometimes said that he dreaded what his end might be. Who can tell what misgivings and dire forebodings may have passed through the actor's mind when, in his favourite character, he used such expressions as these: "O that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self slaughter!" or, "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life;" or this:—

To die, to sleep
No more, and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. . . . . .
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Doubtless, the actor often pondered and brooded over these mysteries and moralizings, on which the poet whom he loved so well and interpreted so faithfully exercised his capacious intellect. But alas! that it should have come to this. That the strong and active Walter Montgomery, so well known in this city, should suddenly lose his reason, and with all his arrangements made and his passage to America actually paid, and in full confidence with regard to his future career, should, in a moment of frenzy, die by his own hand. Possibly, had he not adopted that abominable American habit of carrying about with him a loaded pistol, he might now have been alive.

As Mr. Montgomery was probably better known in Manchester, both professionally and personally, than in any other town in the kingdom, a few words regarding his career may not be out of place. He was born of English parents at New York in 1827, and his real name was Tomlinson. At an early age he came over to this country. He was placed with a commercial house in Norwich, where he remained some time. Selling shawls, however, was not to his taste, and, having a longing for the stage, he adopted his mother's maiden name, and undertook the profession of an actor. In 1849, we believe, Mr. Charles Kean offered him a three years' engagement at the Princess's Theatre; but Mr. Montgomery was determined to be either Cæsar or nothing, and resolved to attempt the very highest characters in the whole range of the drama. He made an early appearance at the Soho Theatre, now the Royalty, in London, and he was sufficiently successful to encourage him to proceed. After fulfilling engagements at Norwich, Bath, Bristol, and Birmingham, he made his first appearance on the Manchester stage at the Theatre Royal, on Friday, October 5th, 1855, in the character of Othello. Here he remained for several seasons as the leading actor. In the year mentioned, and during the next season or two, the Theatre Royal possessed one of the strongest companies which it ever had. Among others it consisted of W. Montgomery, Charles Verner (who divided the principal characters with him), Henry Vandenhoff, W. H. Stephens, W. Worboys, Gomersall, Mrs. Horsman, and Miss Amy Sedgwick. Mr. Montgomery very soon established himself as a great favourite; and to our mind the early promise which he then showed was not subsequently realized.

Mr. Disraeli waggishly remarked one day to a friend that now when he wished to read a book, he wrote one. It may be said of Walter Montgomery that when he desired to get an engagement, but could not, he took a theatre. He first appeared in London, after he was recognized as an actor, at the Princess's Theatre in Othello, a part which he appears to have usually selected for his *début*. There he met with fair success, and afterwards took the Haymarket Theatre during the summer in Mr. Buckstone's company's absence. That speculation was not successful. Nevertheless, under similar circumstances, he took the Gaiety Theatre a few weeks since, a most foolish proceeding, which any one with the smallest judgment must have seen would end in failure. Montgomery, however, was a man of a headstrong, impetuous nature, and it was idle to reason with him. Possessed of more than the usual share of vanity which falls to the lot of man, he believed in himself and thought he could accomplish impossible results. He was an intelligent, fair, and level actor, but not a great one. As a manager he was a total failure. Impulsive and generous he was, but his absurd and puffing advertisements, which we have frequently quizzed and laughed at, only disgusted the public and really militated against his professional success. By far his best efforts were juvenile parts, and if he had confined himself to the Charles Kemble line of character, the Mercutios, Orlandos, Edgars, Doricourts, Harry Dorntons, and such parts, we believe that he would have achieved a success greater than that which he attained. He used to play Romeo at times with great fire and spirit, and in that character, with Miss Sedgwick, when she was young and slim, as Juliet, he drew full pits and galleries to the theatre in Peter Street. Tom Taylor's *Plot and Passion* had a very successful run, and was admirably performed by the stock company, with C. Verner as Fouché, Montgomery the Creole lover, and Miss Sedgwick as Marie de Fontanges. Mr. W. H. Payne startled everybody by the masterly way in which he assumed Robson's great character of Desmarets, the Spy.

Mr. Montgomery was of a very excitable nature, and everyone must remember how he punched the head of an hotel-keeper's representative, because that functionary declined to serve him with supper. In 1867 he sailed for Australia, and, though coming immediately after the visits of Mr. Brooke, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Barry Sullivan, he was very successful there. His recent controversy with Mr. Charles Mathews about Australian theatricals, an encounter in which he got sadly the worst of it, but which he had the candour publicly to acknowledge, we described in a recent number of this journal. After a successful engagement in America he came over here for a short time to see his friends, having contracted to return to Boston and New York this month. He was disappointed in not obtaining some short engagement which he expected, and, doubtless, these disappointments and the London failure harassed him excessively, and, with other troubles, served to unhinge his reason, and led to the deplorable occurrence which terminated his existence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE FORTHCOMING MUSICAL SEASON IN MANCHESTER.

CONSIDERABLE changes have, of course, been necessitated in the personnel of Mr. Hallé's orchestra in consequence of his rupture with Mr. De Jong, but his arrangements are understood to be nearly if not quite complete. Mr. De Jong's position as first flute will be occupied by M. Brossin, who has been *flauto secundo* at Her Majesty's opera, Drury Lane, during the past London season. Mr. Hallé, we believe, offered an engagement to Mr. Svendsen, the celebrated flautist, but it was declined. The first horn of last season, Herr Willmanns, who replaced the late Herr Grevner, having seceded to the promenade concerts, his place will be filled by M. Paquio, perhaps the best horn player in the world, M. Vivier excepted. Mr. Otto Bernhardt, a great favourite here, has been induced to relinquish his intended visit to America, and return to his original place as first violin with Mr. Hallé. M. Baetens, who has been Mr. Hallé's principal viola since the Art Treasures Exhibition, has accepted Mr. de Jong's engagement as leader at the Saturday promenade concerts, and his place on the Thursday nights will be assumed by Mr. Schreurs. Mr. Jennings, oboist, and Mr. Walters, bassoon, will neither of them form part of Mr. Hallé's orchestra, and, we believe, they join Mr. De Jong. Amongst the novelties Mr. Hallé has in rehearsal are Handel's oratorio, *Joshua*, and Bach's great work, *The Passion according to St. Matthew*. Portions of both works have been performed at different times with great success by the St. Cecilia Choral Society, and their production by Mr. Hallé will be most welcome. Is it too much to expect a revival of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, a work unaccountably neglected, but preferred by most connoisseurs to the more popular *Elijah?* In connection with the Manchester musical season it may not be out of place to mention that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has written the music for the revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince's Theatre. The most considerable piece will be the accompaniment to the carnival scene; the performance of which will extend over more than twenty minutes.

OWENS COLLEGE AND THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

At one time the amalgamation of the Medical School with Owens College was almost *un fait accompli*, but it may really be said to be farther off than ever. That such is the case is in no way the fault of the College authorities, but arises rather from the dog-in-the-manger policy of the School. The School is private property, supported by the public. It belongs to Messrs. Turner, Southam, and Smith, and these gentlemen wish, on behalf of themselves and their colleagues, to transfer the School to Owens College trammelled with certain conditions. These conditions are not merely educational ones but personal, and such as the College cannot and ought not to accept. That Owens College will gain immensely by the addition of Medicine to its other faculties is obvious, but such an addition is by no means dependent on the good-will and pleasure of the School authorities. The gentlemen who occupy chairs at the School are Drs. Roberts, Morgan, Simpson, and Thorburn, and Messrs. Wm. Smith, Lund, Southam, Somers, Bradley, Stone, Grindon, and Harrison. The obstructives are the elder professors, and, after all, perhaps the wisest course for the College to pursue would be to ignore the School entirely and construct one of their own. In Manchester it would be easy to gather together a staff of teachers who, to say the least, would be in no way second to the gentlemen in the above list, and who would certainly be able to devote much more individual attention to their tutorial work. Here, as elsewhere, the possession of office or appointment in the medical world is very badly managed, and is practically a monopoly. It has thus become subordinated to private practice, and so richly has it been found to pay that the few holders have become inordinately jealous of their possessions. The result is that our Infirmaries are notoriously under-staffed, to the great detriment of the patients, especially in the out department; and the teaching power at the School has almost fallen below zero—that is, if we may judge by the result of a recent examination. Owens College has it now in her power to inaugurate a sweeping revolution. If the School will offer itself to her, doubtless it will be well received, and certainly will be better for the change; but if, under the absurd plea of proprietorship, pressure is put on to enforce certain unbearable conditions, then let Owens College at once break off negotiations by founding a school of her own. The result would be that the only professors worth having would join the College, bringing with them the bulk of the students.

THE GERMANS AND SHAKESPERE.

Shakesperian criticism appears to be inexhaustible in Germany. In the *Shakespere Jahrbuch*, just published in Leipsic, will be found essays on Shakespere's Humour, by H. Ulrici; papers on the *Merchant of Venice, Troilus and Cressida, As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*, by Karl Elze, M. Delius, W. Hertzberg, and W. König; articles on Shakespere the Actor, by Hermann Kurz; on a new acting edition of *Macbeth*, by R. Gericke; on German Poets in relation to Shakespere, by C. C. Heuse; and on How Shakespere is to be Acted, by H. Baron Von Friesen,

MR. PUNSHON

AT THE FREE TRADE HALL.

THE power of oratory is wonderful. You shall write a book or pamphlet containing many interesting facts, full of fine language and flowing periods, and profusely adorned with notes of interrogation and signs of exclamation, and with many passages printed in large or shouting type, and yet the reader shall be so little pleased that he will lay aside the essay long before he gets to the peroration. But if, with the genius of the orator, you bring the music of uttered speech into play, and declaim from a platform the same written paper, men shall be roused into a condition of the wildest enthusiasm, and shall obey your will as though you ruled them with a wizard's wand.

Of course, the Free Trade Hall was filled with people on Wednesday night last. Everyone of these might have read comfortably by his or her own fireside as much or more than Mr. Punshon could tell of Florence and its Memories, and without expending the sum of sixpence, one shilling, or half-a-crown as the case might be, or running the risk of an almost certain drenching on an unpleasantly wet night. But the hall was crowded to its utmost limits with men and women attracted by the magic of eloquence. This alone was a wonderful spectacle. It was a religious gathering. Religious gatherings have a peculiar appearance which distinguishes them from all other assemblies in the unsectarian establishment in Peter Street. There is a mixed and unclassified look about them, the women being as numerous as the men, and the occupants of the gallery, back and front seats, being simply repetitions of each other, as though everybody had taken the first seat which came to hand. There is also a great tendency to talk during the interval before the performance, and to stand up and look out for friends, as though the people did not come singly but in groups, the members of a family, or the co-worshippers in a chapel, being together. Lastly, there is an unfailing determination on the part of some to arrive after the chair has been taken and depart before it has been vacated. All the conditions were fulfilled on Wednesday evening, and as we took our seat immediately in front of the platform, the buzz of conversation behind us and the braying of the great organ in front—distance not lending enchantment to the sound—were positively stupefying. Add to this that a dim, cavern-like light was all that the man at the meter would allow us, and our readers will perceive that we were not sorry when the advent of a chairman gave the signal for more light and—the burst of applause over—for silence. The chairman, Mr. Haworth, announced the number of a hymn without naming any book, whereupon the people stood and sang as if they knew all about the composition and the tune, sending forth a flood of sound which rose in overwhelming waves and was also wonderful. Then a gentleman engaged in prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which the people repeated after him. From these facts we concluded that the audience was mainly a Wesleyan one.

whipping-post, is changed since we saw it last, though the drunken miners who infest it have not. Sir Edmund Buckley, whose flag floats over his hall hard by, is fast transforming it from a collection of mud hovels into a model village. A good inn, which our worthy host—Lewis, of the Red Lion—deserves in place of his present decaying tenement, would add considerably to the attractions of the place. With good or bad accommodation, however, the valley of the Dovey is well worth seeing from Bwlch-y-Croes, or the pass of the cross at its summit, to where it debouches upon the sea by Aberdovey. As it is, few valleys in Wales are less sought out, save by the angler. Through its long miles it displays almost every variety of stream scenery, with mountain effects, from fruitful meadows "that droop or rise over green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulations," up to the high peaks, "where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the firs."

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When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Doubtless, the actor often pondered and brooded over these mysteries and moralizings, on which the poet whom he loved so well and interpreted so faithfully exercised his capacious intellect. But alas! that it should have come to this. That the strong and active Walter Montgomery, so well known in this city, should suddenly lose his reason, and with all his arrangements made and his passage to America actually paid, and in full confidence with regard to his future career, should, in a moment of frenzy, die by his own hand. Possibly, had he not adopted that abominable American habit of carrying about with him a loaded pistol, he might now have been alive.

As Mr. Montgomery was probably better known in Manchester, both professionally and personally, than in any other town in the kingdom, a few words regarding his career may not be out of place. He was born of English parents at New York in 1827, and his real name was Tomlinson. At an early age he came over to this country. He was placed with a commercial house in Norwich, where he remained some time. Selling shawls, however, was not to his taste, and, having a longing for the stage, he adopted his mother's maiden name, and undertook the profession of an actor. In 1849, we believe, Mr. Charles Kean offered him a three years' engagement at the Princess's Theatre; but Mr. Montgomery was determined to be either Cæsar or nothing, and resolved to attempt the very highest characters in the whole range of the drama. He made an early appearance at the Soho Theatre, now the Royalty, in London, and he was sufficiently successful to encourage him to proceed. After fulfilling engagements at Norwich, Bath, Bristol, and Birmingham, he made his first appearance on the Manchester stage at the Theatre Royal, on Friday, October 5th, 1855, in the character of Othello. Here he remained for several seasons as the leading actor. In the year mentioned, and during the next season or two, the Theatre Royal possessed one of the strongest companies which it ever had. Among others it consisted of W. Montgomery, Charles Verner (who divided the principal characters with him), Henry Vandenhoff, W. H. Stephens, W. Worboys, Gomersall, Mrs. Horsman, and Miss Amy Sedgwick. Mr. Montgomery very soon established himself as a great favourite; and to our mind the early promise which he then showed was not subsequently realized.

Mr. Disraeli waggishly remarked one day to a friend that now when he wished to read a book, he wrote one. It may be said of Walter Montgomery that when he desired to get an engagement, but could not, he took a theatre. He first appeared in London, after he was recognized as an actor, at the Princess's Theatre in Othello, a part which he appears to have usually selected for his *debût*. There he met with fair success, and afterwards took the Haymarket Theatre during the summer in Mr. Buckstone's company's absence. That speculation was not successful. Nevertheless, under similar circumstances, he took the Gaiety Theatre a few weeks since, a most foolish proceeding, which any one with the smallest judgment must have seen would end in failure. Montgomery, however, was a man of a headstrong, impetuous nature, and it was idle to reason with him. Possessed of more than the usual share of vanity which falls to the lot of man, he believed in himself and thought he could accomplish impossible results. He was an intelligent, fair, and level actor, but not a great one. As a manager he was a total failure. Impulsive and generous he was, but his absurd and puffing advertisements, which we have frequently quizzed and laughed at, only disgusted the public and really militated against his professional success. By far his best efforts were juvenile parts, and if he had confined himself to the Charles Kemble line of character, the Mercutios, Orlandos, Edgars, Doricourts, Harry Dorntons, and such parts, we believe that he would have achieved a success greater than that which he attained. He used to play Romeo at times with great fire and spirit, and in that character, with Miss Sedgwick, when she was young and slim, as Juliet, he drew full pits and galleries to the theatre in Peter Street. Tom Taylor's *Plot and Passion* had a very successful run, and was admirably performed by the stock company, with C. Verner as Fouché, Montgomery the Creole lover, and Miss Sedgwick as Marie de Fontanges. Mr. W. H. Payne startled everybody by the masterly way in which he assumed Robson's great character of Desmarets, the Spy.

Mr. Montgomery was of a very excitable nature, and everyone must remember how he punched the head of an hotel-keeper's representative, because that functionary declined to serve him with supper. In 1867 he sailed for Australia, and, though coming immediately after the visits of Mr. Brooke, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Barry Sullivan, he was very successful there. His recent controversy with Mr. Charles Mathews about Australian theatricals, an encounter in which he got sadly the worst of it, but which he had the candour publicly to acknowledge, we described in a recent number of this journal. After a successful engagement in America he came over here for a short time to see his friends, having contracted to return to Boston and New York this month. He was disappointed in not obtaining some short engagement which he expected, and, doubtless, these disappointments and the London failure harassed him excessively, and, with other troubles, served to unhinge his reason, and led to the deplorable occurrence which terminated his existence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE FORTHCOMING MUSICAL SEASON IN MANCHESTER.

CONSIDERABLE changes have, of course, been necessitated in the personnel of Mr. Hallé's orchestra in consequence of his rupture with Mr. De Jong, but his arrangements are understood to be nearly if not quite complete. Mr. De Jong's position as first flute will be occupied by M. Brossin, who has been *flauto secundo* at Her Majesty's opera, Drury Lane, during the past London season. Mr. Hallé, we believe, offered an engagement to Mr. Svendsen, the celebrated flautist, but it was declined. The first horn of last season, Herr Willmanns, who replaced the late Herr Grevner, having seceded to the promenade concerts, his place will be filled by M. Paquio, perhaps the best horn player in the world, M. Vivier excepted. Mr. Otto Bernhardt, a great favourite here, has been induced to relinquish his intended visit to America, and return to his original place as first violin with Mr. Hallé. M. Baetens, who has been Mr. Hallé's principal viola since the Art Treasures Exhibition, has accepted Mr. de Jong's engagement as leader at the Saturday promenade concerts, and his place on the Thursday nights will be assumed by Mr. Schreurs. Mr. Jennings, oboist, and Mr. Walters, bassoon, will neither of them form part of Mr. Hallé's orchestra, and, we believe, they join Mr. De Jong. Amongst the novelties Mr. Hallé has in rehearsal are Handel's oratorio, *Joshua*, and Bach's great work, *The Passion according to St. Matthew*. Portions of both works have been performed at different times with great success by the St. Cecilia Choral Society, and their production by Mr. Hallé will be most welcome. Is it too much to expect a revival of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, a work unaccountably neglected, but preferred by most connoisseurs to the more popular *Elijah?* In connection with the Manchester musical season it may not be out of place to mention that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has written the music for the revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince's Theatre. The most considerable piece will be the accompaniment to the carnival scene; the performance of which will extend over more than twenty minutes.

OWENS COLLEGE AND THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

At one time the amalgamation of the Medical School with Owens College was almost *un fait accompli*, but it may really be said to be farther off than ever. That such is the case is in no way the fault of the College authorities, but arises rather from the dog-in-the-manger policy of the School. The School is private property, supported by the public. It belongs to Messrs. Turner, Southam, and Smith, and these gentlemen wish, on behalf of themselves and their colleagues, to transfer the School to Owens College trammelled with certain conditions. These conditions are not merely educational ones but personal, and such as the College cannot and ought not to accept. That Owens College will gain immensely by the addition of Medicine to its other faculties is obvious, but such an addition is by no means dependent on the goodwill and pleasure of the School authorities. The gentlemen who occupy chairs at the School are Drs. Roberts, Morgan, Simpson, and Thorburn, and Messrs. Wm. Smith, Lund, Southam, Somers, Bradley, Stone, Grindon, and Harrison. The obstructives are the elder professors, and, after all, perhaps the wisest course for the College to pursue would be to ignore the School entirely and construct one of their own. In Manchester it would be easy to gather together a staff of teachers who, to say the least, would be in no way second to the gentlemen in the above list, and who would certainly be able to devote much more individual attention to their tutorial work. Here, as elsewhere, the possession of office or appointment in the medical world is very badly managed, and is practically a monopoly. It has thus become subordinated to private practice, and so richly has it been found to pay that the few holders have become inordinately jealous of their possessions. The result is that our Infirmaries are notoriously under-staffed, to the great detriment of the patients, especially in the out department; and the teaching power at the School has almost fallen below zero—that is, if we may judge by the result of a recent examination. Owens College has it now in her power to inaugurate a sweeping revolution. If the School will offer itself to her, doubtless it will be well received, and certainly will be better for the change; but if, under the absurd plea of proprietorship, pressure is put on to enforce certain unbearable conditions, then let Owens College at once break off negotiations by founding a school of her own. The result would be that the only professors worth having would join the College, bringing with them the bulk of the students.

THE GERMANS AND SHAKESPERE.

Shakesperian criticism appears to be inexhaustible in Germany. In the *Shakespere Jahrbuch*, just published in Leipsic, will be found essays on Shakespere's Humour, by H. Ulrici; papers on the *Merchant of Venice*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*, by Karl Elze, M. Delius, W. Hertzberg, and W. König; articles on Shakespere the Actor, by Hermann Kurz; on a new acting edition of *Macbeth*, by R. Gericke; on German Poets in relation to Shakespere, by C. C. Heuse; and on How Shakespere is to be Acted, by H. Baron Von Friesen,

MR. PUNSHON

AT THE FREE TRADE HALL.

THE power of oratory is wonderful. You shall write a book or pamphlet containing many interesting facts, full of fine language and flowing periods, and profusely adorned with notes of interrogation and signs of exclamation, and with many passages printed in large or shouting type, and yet the reader shall be so little pleased that he will lay aside the essay long before he gets to the peroration. But if, with the genius of the orator, you bring the music of uttered speech into play, and declaim from a platform the same written paper, men shall be roused into a condition of the wildest enthusiasm, and shall obey your will as though you ruled them with a wizard's wand.

Of course, the Free Trade Hall was filled with people on Wednesday night last. Everyone of these might have read comfortably by his or her own fireside as much or more than Mr. Punshon could tell of Florence and its Memories, and without expending the sum of sixpence, one shilling, or half-a-crown as the case might be, or running the risk of an almost certain drenching on an unpleasantly wet night. But the hall was crowded to its utmost limits with men and women attracted by the magic of eloquence. This alone was a wonderful spectacle. It was a religious gathering. Religious gatherings have a peculiar appearance which distinguishes them from all other assemblies in the unsectarian establishment in Peter Street. There is a mixed and unclassified look about them, the women being as numerous as the men, and the occupants of the gallery, back and front seats, being simply repetitions of each other, as though everybody had taken the first seat which came to hand. There is also a great tendency to talk during the interval before the performance, and to stand up and look out for friends, as though the people did not come singly but in groups, the members of a family, or the co-worshippers in a chapel, being together. Lastly, there is an unfailing determination on the part of some to arrive after the chair has been taken and depart before it has been vacated. All the conditions were fulfilled on Wednesday evening, and as we took our seat immediately in front of the platform, the buzz of conversation behind us and the braying of the great organ in front—distance not lending enchantment to the sound—were positively stupefying. Add to this that a dim, cavern-like light was all that the man at the meter would allow us, and our readers will perceive that we were not sorry when the advent of a chairman gave the signal for more light and—the burst of applause over—for silence. The chairman, Mr. Haworth, announced the number of a hymn without naming any book, whereupon the people stood and sang as if they knew all about the composition and the tune, sending forth a flood of sound which rose in overwhelming waves and was also wonderful. Then a gentleman engaged in prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which the people repeated after him. From these facts we concluded that the audience was mainly a Wesleyan one.

Mr. Punshon has not the look of an orator. There is nothing either grand or imposing in his physique: at least we saw nothing before he began to talk. His appearance is decidedly rather that of the humorous than the dignified character. Broad and burly as a Falstaff he does not look tall, while his face would resemble somewhat the late Mark Lemon's, only that it seems smaller. The forehead is neither high nor massive, the eyes are of the twinkling kind, the mouth is not expressive. There is no fine chiselling about the man. It is only when you look sideways and see the great square development of the back part of the head that you get an idea of brain power. The movements of a man so shaped cannot of course be graceful, and Mr. Punshon's were not. When he began to speak, his voice was very disappointing; it sounded husky, and not musical; we were even afraid that he would not be heard. But the power of the speaker soon showed itself as a power quite independent of all these circumstances, and superior to them; and the growing clearness and animation of the lecturer's utterance left our faculties free to enjoy. The first noticeable characteristic in Mr. Punshon's delivery was the exact pronunciation of every word. Not a syllable was permitted to escape, and on two occasions when the right modulation had not been given the speaker repeated the words. With a beautifully varied vocabulary, and a graphic power of portrayal of character and description of scenery, combined with elocutionary talent of no second-rate order, he led us on from point to point, from period to period, and from man to man, until Florence stood fair and lovely before us, and its dead heroes were again clothed with flesh and endowed with voices. Beginning with the statement that a great city is a poem, Mr. Punshon vividly sketched the appearance and surroundings of Florence when—the sun shining upon it—it lay "a pearl set in emerald." Referring to its history he briefly outlined its early career and former magnificence, a glance at the tombs, introducing us to a few of its rulers, and amongst others Lorenzo de Medici, the man at whose death all Florence wept. Passing amongst the buildings of the city, a few English memories were awakened by Lely's portrait of Cromwell, painted with all the rough imperfections of the man, every wart and scar upon its face, and the slab erected to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The latter part of the lecture consisted of sketches of the three most noted citizens of Florence, Dante, Michael Angelo, and Savonarola, the poet, the artist, and the painter.

Of all subjects of an historical nature of which a popular lecturer may choose to treat there is, perhaps, none more inspiring than the Memories of Florence. As full of incident as the history of Athens, associated with much that we most prize in poetry and art, the story of the city of the Arno has a less remote connection with the life of our own day than has "the city of the Violet Crown." Mr. Punshon's lecture was full of anecdote and illustration of Florence and her great ones; but the real power of the oration lay in his keen recognition of the latter fact. His personages were not classic ideals of virtue and philosophy, but strong-voiced, kingly men. It was because his heroes were men who struggled for principles in which the speaker gloried that his sketches were not lifeless descriptions, but vital re-creations. Scorning with their scorn and triumphing with their triumph, he lost his personality, and exerted such a spell that for the time being we had forgotten Punshon, and were listening to the men whom he had summoned from the past to be our judges and our examples. With that perfect command of his subject which showed that he was not merely reciting or talking, but re-living and re-thinking all he said, he made the organ change into the palace window of the Duke, the platform become the wintry garden, and himself the sculptor standing before his snow-statue. So strong was this fire of reality that sometimes the powerful emphasis of one word did duty for a whole sentence; and the ungainliness of his appearance even helped the illusion as he swung round his fist to smite home the utterance. Continually bringing the past to bear upon the present, he wound up many a passage with a sturdy sarcasm. There was a glorious patriotism throughout the address, which culminated in a sublime peroration, when, bidding his hearers cultivate gentleness with firmness, he flung his arms aloft, and, with glowing face upturned, bade them stand by "our Freedom, our Queen, and our Reformed Faith." It was not the oration of a deep thinker, but of a man who, with an enthusiastic admiration of the great and true in human endeavour, combined with a fervour of religious feeling which was grand in itself, marshalled the results of his reading and observation with an order and sequence which made listening easy, and with an application to home which awoke our deepest sympathies. When it was all over we looked at the man and wondered how we had been so moved.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

AMONGST the many subjects that at the present time occupy the attention of philanthropists, statesmen, and capitalists, there is probably no one so practically important as the question of increasing our supply of animal food. The universality of its agitation may justly be considered the measure of its value; nor would it be difficult to show that on its successful or unsuccessful solution depends in no small degree the social and moral condition of the country. True it is that the growing passion for stimuli aggravates the evils arising from inefficient supply, but it may also result from it, and would in numberless instances die out under more favourable conditions. Be this as it may, imperfect or unsuitable diet invariably impairs the strength and energy of the human will.

It may obviate the necessity of answering futile objections if we glance at the causes which have destroyed the balance that heretofore existed between the demand and supply of this essential article. Since the commencement of the present century our population has increased enormously, and wages have been well-nigh doubled, but the agricultural products of the kingdom have not advanced in a corresponding ratio. "Classes," writes an able local journal, "which twenty-five years ago were content with meat once a week are now accustomed to a diurnal or bi-diurnal meal. It is perhaps right that it should be so, but naturally enough the increased number of expectant mouths has had a great deal to do with the scarcity of cattle." This is the truth, especially if it be added that the intending purchasers have ample means at their disposal. These causes must of necessity increase with our increasing prosperity, and unless new sources of supply are opened flesh food will soon become a luxury attainable only by the very wealthy. Is there no remedy for this evil? Measures excellent in themselves have been proposed from time to time, but have failed for want of system and general adoption. Isolated schemes, however good, cannot adequately cope with an evil so large, so general, so increasing; and whilst glancing at some of these propositions, and enlarging on others, we repeat that, unless all our forces are brought to bear on the enemy, the struggle will not end in victory.

Whilst the lands in Great Britain and Ireland are farmed on the existing system there is no possibility of enlarging the home supply of meat. At present nearly a moiety of our soil is occupied in producing cereals. The arguments urged to enforce the assumed necessity of such an arrangement are well known. We must, say its advocates, be prepared against the chance of war. We must contribute a large portion of our wants in this direction from our internal resources; yet day by day the chance of our being engaged in hostilities with any power able to cripple our commerce becomes less. But even should such a misfortune happen, the storm would scarcely burst without some warning; nor if the necessity should arise would more than a single season be required to replace stock with the plough. Meanwhile we endure a present evil for the sake of a remote possible good. We believe it is not denied that corn can be imported as cheaply as it can be raised at home, whilst no doubt exists that were the market thus thrown open, any quantity of grain would be poured into our ports from the North of Europe, from

Egypt, Australia, Canada, and the States. If we suppose for a moment that our land instead of raising corn, which could be as economically grown elsewhere, was devoted to pasture, the production of roots, hay, and the like, our meat supply could in a short time be nearly doubled. But there appears little need for such an extreme measure. Our waste lands are neither small in quantity nor hopeless in quality, but they require capital and energy to make them productive. At present they only hold a small proportion of stunted animals. "How many sheep have you to the acre?" said a Yorkshire agriculturist to a friend of the writer, who farmed one of the western islands. "You should have asked," was the reply, "how many acres it takes to a sheep." During the present summer we have spent a considerable time amongst the Hebrides, which may fairly be cited as exaggerated examples of unreclaimed lands. Yet in those islands, where the land offers any reasonable facilities for drainage, which, by the way, are seldom ever wanting, and where it has been cleared of heather, we have seen heavy crops of excellent hay produced, and are now looking at two or three hundred acres of as good after grass as any farmer would wish to see. The island to which we allude is above seventy miles in length and in some parts between thirty and forty in breadth; yet in this vast tract the cultivated land does not exceed one thousand acres. If capital could be found, one such territory alone might do something to decrease the present scarcity of which we hear so much.

But we are not sufficiently Utopian to expect that our barren hills and islands, our swamps and moors, will within the next twenty years exercise any great influence on the actual price of meat. Something they will accomplish, but they can hardly do more than maintain the present balance against the inevitably increasing demand. This, however, is no slight relief, and should encourage us to urge forward other kindred and collateral schemes.

A good deal has been said of larger supplies to be derived from improved farming, but we are inclined to think this will tell with greater force on vegetable than on animal productions. If, however, stall-feeding became *universal*, if, in short, the land was devoted to raising stock, whilst the process of preparing for market was carried on in sheds, then indeed "improved farming" would contribute a large increase beyond what it at present gives. If stall-feeding were thus pushed to its farthest limits, we should practically increase our acreage by the amount heretofore employed for fattening purposes. Almost every cottager in the country might keep a pig or two. At present not one in twenty of our agricultural labourers does so, whilst artizans dwelling in the outskirts of towns might easily do the same thing. After all, this is only stall-feeding on a smaller scale. The advantages of such a plan are obvious. Our limited area of land contributes nothing to these sources of supply, whilst foreign grain can be purchased in any quantity. Here, then, we procure an additional quantity of animal food without trenching on the resources of the soil, and may reckon it as pure gain. Tame rabbits also are easily reared; the occupation affords a healthy interest. A small volume has recently been published, showing the profit that may be derived from the rearing and breeding of fowls, which, if we may trust our memory, is stated as something over fifty per cent.

The most ready method of immediately increasing our meat supply is importation; but hitherto this has practically been of little service to this country, nor has it made any impression on current prices. The great bulk of foreign cattle is landed in the Thames, and melts away under the requirements of the capital like snow before the summer sun. Indeed it may fairly be questioned whether the country has not hitherto lost as much as it gained from this source, for the mortality occasioned amongst our home stock from diseases imported by foreign animals seems fully to have balanced our imports during the last three years. But, we believe, these diseases, if not produced, were greatly aggravated by the sufferings to which the animals were exposed on their route, not only during long journeys through Belgium and Holland, but also in the transit across the Channel. Importation is indeed the golden road to comparative plenty, but such a road requires to be traversed by vehicles widely different from those now in use. The rich plains bordering the Black Sea, and the fertile savannahs of South America are, however, the true El Dorados. There animal life seems to have attained its highest fecundity. It is a drug in the market, and its abundance is inexhaustible. Hitherto all attempts to bring this meat successfully into our markets have failed, if extractum carnis, soup and joints in hermetically sealed tins, are excepted. But our need is too real to allow this failure to continue. Greater difficulties are daily overcome, and the recent voyage of the Julia shows how easily the transport can be effected. This vessel, finding no freight, shipped a cargo of cattle in the River Plate, every one of which she landed in this country safe and in fair condition. The voyage did not prove a commercial success, because the vessel was unsuited to the trade. Before the importation of cattle can succeed on a large scale, we must have transports built for the service of great beam and length, with a light draft of water, and a high rate of speed—floating stalls, in fact, in which the wants of the animals can be properly attended to, not by the crew, but by agricultural labourers trained to this particular business. But to render this branch of trade successful a fleet of suitable vessels must be established. There is on the one side an enormous and increasing demand; on the other an inexhaustible supply. There is a cheap market in which to buy—a dear market in which to sell, and what more can enterprise desire. For our own part we should be willing to take any reasonable amount of shares in any well-organized Anglo-Brazilian meat company, and deem ourselves safe to receive a very satisfactory dividend.

The various schemes for an increased supply of animal food at which we have hinted, may, when taken singly, be likened to so many tributary streams. If only one or two of these be in spate, the main channel is little affected, but should all be bank full, then indeed the mother river owns their contributions, and in full strength and power speeds onward to the ocean. Heaven knows our cupboards are bare, and our food channel reduced to sadly narrow limits. Here and there spasmodic exertions are made in some particular direction, but the results are insufficient to affect the general market. Combined operations are essential to such a success as shall meet the exigency of the nation, and we believe it requires only a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to convert quasi famine into plenty.

Hitherto we have only spoken of the land as an agent for the supply of our wants. But the water has its treasures and may be farmed and cultivated so as to yield infinitely more than it does at present. Want of space, however, prevents our enlarging on this branch of the subject, but we trust on some future occasion to point out how largely our lakes, rivers, and foreshores might be rendered capable of contributing to the common good.

MR. HALLE'S PERFORMANCE AT BONN.

THE discerning reader who has patiently plodded through the Manchester dailies this week will not have failed to perceive in two of them—the *Examiner* and the *Guardian*—a paragraph which was evidently intended as an answering challenge to the *Allgemeine Zeitung's* critique quoted by us last week. It consisted of a passage from a letter addressed to the London *Guardian*, which in that journal is signed "H. S. O.," the initials of Mr. H. S. Oakeley, professor of music at the University of Edinburgh, who frequently calls in Mr. Hallé to assist at his concerts in the Scottish capital. Mr. Oakeley says in effect that Mr. Hallé played to perfection, but that his performance was spoilt by the orchestral accompaniment. Is it not singular that the "imperfect rendering of some of the orchestral parts" to which Mr. Oakeley refers should have occurred during no other portion of the festival, of the whole of which, with this exception, he speaks with unstinted praise? Surely the orchestra cannot have conspired to ruin Mr. Hallé's two solos, and yet that is the only conclusion to which Mr. Oakeley's assertions lead. However, the responsibility for an adverse judgment upon Mr. Hallé's playing does not, as it happens, rest solely upon the critic of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. There is a cloud of witnesses, and as the accuracy of the German critique has been indirectly but no less pointedly challenged by the quotation from the London *Guardian* in the two Manchester dailies, it is only fair that we should fortify the position of the Augsburg journal.

The Bonn correspondent of the *Daily News*, referring to the Choral Fantasia, wrote:—"Notwithstanding the well-known careful execution of Mr. Hallé, and the co-operation of the excellent band and chorus assembled, the fantasia scarcely produced the effect which usually attends its performance. The pianist had the advantage of playing on one of Messrs. Broadwood's magnificent 'concert grand' pianos, sent over from the manufactory in London specially for the occasion.'

The musical critic of the *Standard* said :—"Herr Joachim gave place to the great pianist, now more English than German by virtue of his long residence among us, Herr Hallé, but, in his case, I must own to a certain amount of disappointment."

These opinions are comparatively mild, but still, as may be perceived, sufficiently derogatory. Our remaining extracts will be somewhat more pungent and emphatic, and their cumulative testimony must carry conviction to everyone not blinded by prejudice or interest, especially when it is remembered that there can have been no concerted action among the several writers.

The musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote :— "Of the Choral Fantasia (pianoforte, chorus, and orchestra), or rather of its interpretation, I regret that I cannot say a single favourable word. The choir sang flat throughout, and once or twice all but broke down ; the orchestra was unsteady and intemperate ; and I can only suppose that Mr. Hallé was either nervous or suffering painfully from the heat, for that conscientious and painstaking executant failed signally in fulfilling any one of the requirements exacted from him by the music he had undertaken to interpret. In short, the Fantasia was a complete fiasco—the only one I have hitherto had to record in the course of these concerts."

The *Athenæum's* correspondent :—"If Herr Hallé selected his two pianoforte pieces he made a mistake. The Choral Fantasia exacts a lively fancy and a playful vein ; the Emperor Concerto requires poetry, power, sensibility, and enthusiasm in turn. Herr Hallé has not these qualities. He is mechanical and metronomical almost to monotony ; he is hard in touch and cold in feeling. Beethoven was poet as well as musician, and at a festival in his honour a kindred spirit should have been chosen to give vivid colouring to such suggestive imaginings as are to be found in the Fantasia and Concerto."

The *Orchestra* :—"A correspondent at Vienna, present at the Bonn Festival, rejoices that the Council of Direction of the Austrian Beethoven Centenary, last year, wisely resolved to have no solo performances. It would not be very complimentary to the musicians of Beethoven's native country to see imported at Bonn for the occasion an English piano and an English resident pianist ; neither of which proved a success. Our chorus singers and our general performances, worthy of the adopted Fatherland of Beethoven, were, on the whole, very much more satisfactory than what were heard at Bonn. This correspondent criticizes Mr. Hallé, but not more severely than the English correspondents of the *Telegraph* and *Athenæum*. The absence of Kapellmeisters from Berlin, Vienna, and Paris was very significant. A dozen good, if not great, interpreters of Beethoven's works, says the Vienna correspondent, could have been invited east and west of the Rhine without engaging one from London, who had previously not produced a very favourable impression in Leipsic and in Paris, and is quite unknown to fame in other continental cities."

Our readers can now judge for themselves which is the most worthy of credence—the critic of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who whilst admitting Mr. Hallé's capacity as an executant denies his ability to adequately interpret the works of genius, or Professor Oakeley and the *Manchester Guardian* and *Examiner*, who look upon Mr. Hallé as that "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF LAW.

IT has been wisely said that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for his patient. The same dictum applies with equal force to the man who acts as his own lawyer, and it may also be said that cheap law like cheap physic is worse than worthless. Yet as it is an axiom that everybody is supposed to know the law, it would be well indeed if people generally paid some little attention to its broad outlines. With such books as *Every man his own Lawyer* and the like we have no sympathy, for they tempt the ignorant to act as their own lawyers, and instead of saving six-and-eightpences the amateurs who put their trust in them often have substantial reasons to regret their misplaced confidence. With the shilling's worth of law now publishing by Mr. Beeton the case is far different. They contain information rather than advice or instructions how to act, and as popular educators must prove of great service.

The preface to the first of them remarks, "that thousands of illegal things are done every day, partly from design, but oft-times by accident," and not only are they done but they are submitted to. The boldness with which these manuals speak out as to the craze which has of late possessed certain agitators—Londoners in particular—on the right of the public to commons as recreation grounds is most commendable, and however unpalatable the truths, as a law-abiding people we must obey them. With respect to commons, it is first clearly shown what are the rights and duties of lords and commoners respectively, and then the arguments that have been advanced in support of the assumption that the inhabitants of London have a right to the commons in their vicinity as places of free recreation are blown to pieces, and a strong protest is recorded against those persons and newspapers which are so cruelly trying to induce the poor to think that they are entitled to property which clearly belongs to others, and further tells the Londoners the plain truth that they have no more right to the commons than has the King of Dahomey to Buckingham Palace. The honester course advised is not to break "the law as it is," but to make "the law as it ought to be," and so by legal means provide all over the kingdom, and not in London alone, recreation grounds for the people.

On salmon the information given is highly interesting. It is illegal to use spear, gaff, stroke ball, snatch, and the like in catching salmon, nor is any fish roe to be used as bait, nor may you expose for sale, or be possessed of, any salmon roe. "Unclean" salmon is not to be sold or bought under a penalty of £5. Salmon fishers must desist from sport from noon on Saturday until six a.m. on Monday, and it is illegal to kill or catch salmon except by angling between the 1st of September and the 1st of February ; but anglers are allowed to angle up to the first of November. It is forbidden to sell or expose for sale salmon caught contrary to the above provisions, and if salmon is sold during the prohibited time, the seller must show that it was taken in other than English water or by means of angling. Neither may salmon be exported between the 3rd of September and the 30th of April. The mystery, therefore, of salmon out of season is that unless the fishmongers break the law the fish has come from abroad.

As to land tax we learn much that is new, at least to most of us. Land tax was first imposed by 4 William and Mary, c. i., and was four shillings in the pound on the full yearly value of lands, tenements, hereditaments, offices, and pensions, and on personal estates 24s. per £100. Personal estate is now relieved, and a redemption scheme was introduced by Mr. Pitt. Originally, the land tax amounted to one fifth of the entire rental of all the land in the kingdom, but as the assessments have always been continued on the amounts at which land was valued under William and Mary it is now excessively low. The land tax is an anomaly of anomalies. "Each county pays upon a fixed capital amount, and each division upon its capital amount respectively, and each landowner pays not his relative proportion in reference to the whole kingdom, but his relative proportion in reference to the division in which his property is situate." So, from the variableness with which land has increased in value in different places, in some divisions the tax is excessive, while in others it is ridiculously low. In Bedfordshire it is 1s. 6d. ; in Surrey, 10d. ; in Suffolk, 1s. 3d. ; and Notts and Lincoln, 8d. ; and Leicester, 9d. London and Westminster contribute respectively £123,399 and £63,092, but Lancashire only pays its £20,000, notwithstanding its great increase in value. The anomalies in the divisions are still greater. These divisions are subdivided into districts, and each district pays the same quota as it did under William and Mary, irrespective of its increase in value. Thus Marylebone and St. Pancras pay only 2d. and ¼d. in the pound, while adjoining districts in the same division pay 10d. Liverpool has a land tax of less than one farthing in the pound. To make the farce greater the law is interspersed with gratuitous leniency in favour of salaries and pensions. Under this head London and Westminster alone used to contribute £50,000 a year. The whole county now only contributes £4,000 to £5,000. So crooked are the peculiarities of the land tax that we quite agree with Mr. Beeton that "sweeping revolution is the only remedy," and the sooner such a consummation arrives the better.

Though dealing with law, and abounding in legal phraseology, Mr. Beeton's hand-books are thoroughly readable and indeed almost romantic. Their perusal will deprive no lawyer of his fee, but may save many a stupid client from blundering into needless litigation. At all events the reader will rise with a profounder sense of *meum* and *tuum* than he had before, and while thoroughly disabused of the idea that he can ever become the absolute owner of land, rejoice—if he choose to rejoice—in the fact that he may shoot his neighbour's rooks with impunity, even in the rookery itself, provided they are full fledged.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUNDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—On SUNDAY, 10th September, a Cheap Train to GRIMSBY and CLEETHORPES (High Water at Grimsby at 2-0 p.m.) will run as under:—

Stations.	Time.	Fares to Grimsby or Cleethorpes and back.	
	a.m.	1st Class	Cov. Car.
Manchester .....dep.	6 0		
Ardwick ..... ,,	6 4		
Stalybridge ..... ,,	6 0		
Ashton ..... ,,	6 5		
Dukinfield ..... ,,	6 8	6s.	3s. 6d.
Oldham (Clegg-street) ,,	6 0		
Park Bridge..... ,,	6 5		
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	6 16		
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	6 10		
Grimsby .....arr.	10 15		
Cleethorpes ..... ,,	10 30		

Returning from Cleethorpes at 6-15 p.m., and from Grimsby Passenger Station at 6-30 p.m. the same day.
Passengers can return by the 2-30 p.m. Train from Cleethorpes, and 2-45 p.m. Train from Grimsby, on Monday, 11th September, or Tuesday, 12th September, on payment of 1s. 6d. each additional 1st Class, and 1s. Covered Carriages.

London Road Station, Manchester,
August, 1871. R. G UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinay Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton. 1st Cls.	To Buxton. 2nd Cls.	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	To Matlock. 2nd Cls.	To Malvern. 1st Cls.	To Malvern. 2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } ..... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT,
Derby, June, 1871. General Manager.

DONCASTER RACES,

by the nearest and most expeditious route, from the LONDON ROAD STATION of the MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY. On Monday, September 11, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN for DONCASTER, via Barnsley, will run as under:—

	Fares to Doncaster. p. m.	First class.	Second class.
Manchester....dep.	3 50	10s.	7s.
Guide Bridge.. ,,	4 0	9s.	6s. 6d.

Arriving at Doncaster about 5 30 p.m.

On Wednesday and Friday, September 13 and 15, the St. Leger and Cup Days, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Manchester and the undermentioned Stations at the times stated, which will return from the St. James's Bridge sidings, Doncaster, at 6 35 p.m. each day.

	Fares to Doncaster and back. a.m.	First Class.	Cov. car.
Manchester....dep.	8 45		
Guide Bridge.. ,,	8 59		
Newton..... ,,	9 5		
Mottram ..... ,,	9 12	10s.	5s.
Dinting..... ,,	9 17		
Glossop ..... ,,	8 55		
Dunford ..... ,,	9 43	7s.	3s. 6d.

Arriving at Doncaster about 11 15 a.m.

London Road Station, R. G. UNDERDOWN,
Manchester, August, 1871. General Manager.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS,

Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.

The above popular and splendidly-appointed PALACE, covering 1½ acre, with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate DECORATIONS have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated PALACE BAND under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs, EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, At Three o'clock.

Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th & 9th.
LAST TWO NIGHTS.

Mr. & Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT, in THREE PIECES, supported by
Miss LYDIA FOOTE & Mr. SHEIL BARRY.

TO-NIGHT (Friday), at Seven,
A New Sentimental Comedy, in one act, by Mr. Boucicault,
NIGHT AND MORNING.

Kerry .....Mr. Dion Boucicault.
Kate.....Mrs. Dion Boucicault.
Blanche.....Miss Lydia Foote.

Coleman's Comedy,
JOHN BULL.

Dennis.....Mr. Dion Boucicault.
Mary .....Miss Lydia Foote.

Concluding with an Episode from Mr. Boucicault's "Long Strike."
A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Mr. Macanally .....Mr. Dion Boucicault.
Kitty Connor .....Mrs. Dion Boucicault.

FRIDAY for the BENEFIT of Mr. & Mrs. BOUCICAULT
Box office open daily from eleven to two.
Commence at seven.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

On Monday, Sept. 11, and during the week. First appearance (for six nights only) of
THE AMERICAN BROTHERS!
The Great Gymnastic Artistes and Wonderful Performers on the Flying Rings.

First appearance of
MR. DAN MOYNEHAN,
The Celebrated Hibernian Humorist, Comic Orator and Vocalist, and
MR. J. TOBIN!

The Renowned Comedian and Author, will give their Original Entertainment, entitled "The Boys of Galway," or a Night with the Rosicrucians (written by J. D. Fitzgerald, Esq.), in which they will pourtray the Irish Character from Peer to Peasant in Music, Song, and Dance.

Immense Reception Nightly of the Premier Soprano of the Music Halls,
MISS MARION WEBSTER,

In her Programme of Exquisite Melodies, from the most eminent Composers.

Miss Webster possesses a splendid soprano voice of extraordinary power, great pliancy, and exquisite expression trained to perfection.

"* * She was especially successful in the Cavatina, "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," and "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the former she held the audience spell bound during its progress, and received at the close a perfect ovation; whilst in the latter they were so impatient to express their approbation that whenever the least interval afforded an opportunity vociferous applause would burst forth."—VIDE THE PRESS.

N.B.—Miss Webster will appear each evening about Nine o'clock.

Great Success of
MR. & MRS. LANGAN
and
JOHNNY MILLICENT,
The Unequalled Trio of Ethiopian Delineators, Vocalists, Excelsior Dancers, &c.

☞ Everybody should see "Susy Brown."

Continued Success of
MR. J. PLUMPTON!
Who, in addition to his highly-popular Humorous Songs, will sing Russell's Famous Descriptive Song of "The Slave Ship."

Immense Success and Last Six Nights of Messrs. MURRAY & LAMB,
Comic, Characteristic, Sensational Duetists, Vocalists, and Grotesque Dancers.

Immense Reception of
MR. EMMETT
And his Wonderful Performing Goat, the Ninth Wonder of the World Whose performances have been the theme of general admiration.

GRAND AMATEUR CONTESTS.
Notice!—On Friday Next, Sept. 15th.
BENEFIT OF MR. J. PLUMPTON,
On which occasion Two Purses of Gold will be presented to the two best Comic Singers.
For this Night only, MR. PLUMPTON will sing "The Ship on Fire."

NOBLETT & CO. beg to call attention to their PERFECT FITTING BOOTS.—Every description for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children. 56 and 58, RUSHOLME ROAD.

ROWE (Late CARTER),

FISHMONGER, &c.,
REMOVED TO
21, SMITHY DOOR,
BEHIND FRUIT MARKET,
VICTORIA STREET.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is very economical. May be used with or without Milk. Recipes on each Package. 6d lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

TE, run and get another packet of CLARKE'S ORIENTAL INSECT POWDER to kill the moths. It drove all Mrs. Jones's cockroaches away; and you know what a many bugs and fleas we had, and how it killed them like magic. Sold by chemists, in packets, 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. each; wholesale, Blossom-street, Manchester.

BLUE BOAR HOTEL, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.—Restaurant daily from 12 to 3; DINNERS provided on the shortest notice; WINES, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c., of the best quality.
F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

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Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts receive at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
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TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—
SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

TRY STANLEY'S CELEBRATED HATS, NOTED FOR CHEAPNESS, DURABILITY & STYLE. 240, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

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Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
OPEN DAILY, from Six a.m. till dusk.
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VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Hock, 16s.; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.
A. LEAK, Manager.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.—32, Sydney Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.—Manageress, Mrs. LEIGH.—As practised at Ben Rhydding, Matlock, &c. The mild water treatment adopted in this system is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions, and is applicable to every variety of disease.
Terms: One treatment per day, 6s. 6d. per week; two, 10s. per week; indoor patients, from 20s. per week. Prices of single baths on application.

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AT THE
MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW,
AT LIVERPOOL,
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BEFORE purchasing a Perambulator, inspect the NEW PATENT Single or Double one, the MOST USEFUL INVENTION of its class ever introduced. See opinions of the PRESS.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

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New and Extensive SHOWROOMS, 15, PICCADILLY, Opposite Mosley-street.
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MEERSCHAUMS! MEERSCHAUMS! MEERSCHAUMS!

IN EVERY SHAPE AND QUALITY.

WIDE BORE (New Pipe), Smokes Sweetly and never gets foul and stopped up.

CIGARS—SAMPLE BOXES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WILLS'S BRISTOL MIXTURE IN ¼lb. CANISTERS, 1s. 8d.;

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ROYAL CORNWALL EXHIBITION, August, 1871.—Silver Medal awarded to WARWICK BROOKES, Photographer, Cathedral Steps, for Art Photographs. This is the only Award in Manchester.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1871.—WARWICK BROOKES, Photographer, is the only Manchester Exhibitor of Art Photographs at this Exhibition.

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